THE
MILESIAN,
A
COMIC OPERA.
IN
TWO ACTS.

As it is PERFORMED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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MDCCLXXVII.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Mr. BELFIELD,	Mr. AICKIN.
VALENTINE BELFIELD,	Mr. VERNON.
GEORGE BELFIELD,	Mr. BANNISTER.
CHARLES MARLOVE,	Mr. LA MARSH.
CAPT. CORNELIUS O GOLLAGHER,	Mr. MOODY.
LA FLURE,	Mr. BURTON.
RICHARD,	Mr. R. PALMER.
WAITER,	Mr. EVERARD.

WOMEN.

MELINDA,	MISS COLLETT.
CAROLINE O GOLLAGHER, who paſſes by the name of ISABELLA MEANWELL.	Mrs. BADDELEY.
PATTY.	Miſs PLATT.

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THE

MILESIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

VALENTINE'S *Chambers in the Temple.*

VALENTINE, BELFIELD, *and* CHARLES MARLOVE *ſitting at a Table with Wine before them, and two or three large Law Books.*

VALENTINE.

THIS French fellow of mine cuts ſuch an unuſual figure in the Temple, that I am afraid I muſt part with him. He has his excellencies; but as my father ſays, what has a young man to do with a French valet-de-chambre, whoſe time ought to be devoted to the ſtudy of the law.

CHARLES.

Your father ſays! why Valentine, you are not fool enough ſurely to mind what your father ſays: I ſuppoſe your father would have you pin up your own hair, bruſh your own clothes, ſit at night with a ſolitary candle reading Lord Coke,

BIBL. CANT. ACAD.

and juſt ſave as much of it as would light you to bed.

VALENTINE.

Aye, Charles; and when a man had ſpent the prime of his life in poring over a million of old volumes (the ſenſe of which might be contained in a monthly magazine), I ſhould begin with half guinea motions, club my three-pence for a coach to Weſtminſter-Hall, and on my return, I might poſſibly mount ſix-pence for a pair of oars to the Temple Stairs.

SONG.

Let us lay by theſe muſty pages,
The idle work of former ages,
Conſign them over to the ſages;
Let them look big
Immers'd in wig,
Diſtort the law
To find a flaw,
And then receive their ill got wages.

CHARLES.

Oh, damme, it's monſtrous; but let us baniſh the law and talk of ſomething to the purpoſe.

VALENTINE.

With all my heart.——Give me a fine girl, Charles.

CHARLES.

I'll give you Lucy Carraway, the confectioner's daughter in the Poultry. [*They both drink.*

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

SONG.

Let the man who is dead to the tranſports of love,
Find in death a relief from his fate;
He can't taſte of joy here on earth or above,
Jove would baniſh the wretch from his gate.

Let him ſink into naught, nor repine at his lot,
As he lived to no end, let his life be forgot.

How does Iſabella? I ſuppoſe you have her in the ſame lodgings.

VALENTINE.

I have. Ah! Charles, my poor little lapwing droops more than ever. I wiſh I had never ſeen her; ſhe bewails her fate in terms that ſometimes touch me moſt ſenſibly. My viſits to her are ſtill Platonic; for though the girl had ſuch an affection for me as to conſent to an elopement, it is aſtoniſhing at what a diſtance ſhe has kept me, ever ſince ſhe has been in my power.

CHARLES.

Aſtoniſhing indeed! what a little gipſey it muſt be.

VALENTINE.

She is a woman of ſenſe, Charles.

CHARLES.

To be ſure—She ſhewed her good ſenſe by eloping with you.

VALENTINE.

I do believe, Charles, it is the only inſtance where ſhe can with juſtice be reproach'd—My father knows the whole ſtory.

CHARLES.

The devil he does!

VALENTINE.

He has ſeen her ſeveral times, and is ſo charmed with her behaviour and converſation, that he has more than once hinted a marriage to me——

CHARLES.

A marriage!

VALENTINE.

Poſitively a marriage—[*A knocking is heard.*] Zounds, here he is! Charles, do you take one of theſe books, and let us diſpute about ſome point, no matter what; make haſte—La Flure! the door.

Enter LA FLURE.

I go, I go. [*Exit* La Flure.

VALENTINE.

I ſay, Elizabeth cannot have dower out of the eſtate of A. becauſe——

CHARLES.

I ſay ſhe can, becauſe the entail of Elizabeth was not dock'd, and——

Enter Mr. BELFIELD.

Mr. BELFIELD.

They are hard at it, don't diſturb them, La Flure.

VALENTINE.

I ſay Elizabeth's entail could not be dock'd without the conſent of the huſband.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Damn the huſband, what has he to do with the truſtees beſides the recovery ſuffer'd by Elizabeth—

VALENTINE.

You are mad,—See Ventris, chap. 41. page 19.

CHARLES.

Ventris is no authority for me, ſee Lord Coke, page 14326.

VALENTINE.

I'll lay you a hundred guineas, and I haven't another ſhilling in the world, that Elizabeth is not entitled to dower.

[Mr. BELFIELD *whiſpers* LA FLURE *and exit.*

CHARLES.

With all my heart. [*Both pull out money.*

VALENTINE.

La Flure, where is my father?

LA FLURE.

He is gone home, Sir; he bid me tell you that Monſieur Geo is arriv'd, and that he expects you and Mr. Marlove at dinner to-morrow.—Your brother's Captain is to be there.

VALENTINE.

The old gentleman, I ſuppoſe, would not diſturb us in our ſtudies—there's a good father, Charles.

CHARLES.

Truly ſo. But tell me, Valentine, did I not ſpout law as if I underſtood it? I think I did it tolerably.

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

To admiration. But we wanted half a dozen rumbling law terms; they would have been of great ſervice.

CHARLES.

Come, come, it's vaſtly well, conſidering that you and I know no more of law than we do of chymiſtry.—Where do you ſpend your evening?

VALENTINE.

I ſhall go, for an hour, to comfort Iſabella.

CHARLES.

Take care, Valentine, or that girl will creep into your heart; if ſhe makes a lodgement there, you may conſent to the completion of your father's wiſhes, without violating your own inclinations.

VALENTINE.

SONG.

The nymph, when firſt ſhe yields to bliſs,
Returns the melting balmy kiſs,
All is rapture, all deſire,
Breaths ambroſial fan the fire.
A month being paſt, the little god
Retires, and ſmiling gives a nod;
Alas the change, from love to ſtrife,
Nothing now is heard but—wife!
She begins with ſighing,
Then——crying
And ſhe talks about dying:
Then there's bawling,
Squalling,
Tearing,
Swearing,
Raving,

Raving, ranting,
Dying, panting,
Mercy on us, ſuch a clatter!
Mercy on us, ſuch a clatter!
The blow the poor ſwain is unable to parry,
So kiſſes the nymph, and determines to marry.

I will have no tacking for life, no monopolies, thoſe are contrary to the ſpirit of our laws; and you know we are to ſupport the law, not only by precept, but by example.

CHARLES.

Well, Valentine, I muſt leave you.

VALENTINE.

About ten you will find me at the Devil.

CHARLES.

I ſhall not fail. Adieu.

Exit CHARLES *and* VALENTINE.

SCENE *changes to* Mr. BELFIELD'S *Houſe in* Portman Square.

Enter MELINDA *and* GEORGE.

MELINDA.

Indeed, brother George, you ſpeak very prettily; you are paid for thumping the Frenchmen, and if I was you, I would thump them heartily.—Do, brother George.

GEORGE.

Well ſaid, ſiſter.

Enter

Enter BELFIELD.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Well, George, I call'd at your brother's chambers, but he was ſo earneſt in arguing a point of law with young Marlove, that I would not diſturb him; but I left word with his ſervant you were at home. Have you overcome your mother's ſcruples? Are you to go to ſea again, George?

GEORGE.

In that alone, Sir, I muſt diſobey her.—Whenever the commands of my Sovereign call me again into ſervice, I ſhall obey them with a heart-felt ſatisfaction.

SONG.

When our monarch commands, we'll that moment obey,
To honour and conqueſt we'll fly;
Britannia to glory will ſhew us the way,
Surrounded with glory we'll die.

No dangers ſhall fright us; what's death to the brave?
A phantom! it lives but in thought;
We'll vanquiſh the foe, but we'll vanquiſh to ſave,
Let conqueſt by mercy be taught.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Is the Captain arriv'd?

GEORGE.

Not yet, Sir.—It is very probable he has paid his daughter a viſit, who is at a boarding-ſchool a few miles from London, and whom he talks of with rapture.

Mr. BELFIELD.

I long to ſee this worthy Hibernian; your account of him has charmed me.

GEORGE.

Indeed, Sir, he is a moſt deſerving officer, and if any thing exceeds his conduct and reſolution, it is his humanity: but there is one thing I muſt particularly mention to you, we muſt all take care to pronounce his name properly; I never ſaw him out of humour but once, and that was when a gentleman call'd him Gallager; you muſt endeavour to pronounce it as they do in Ireland—— Gollagher.

Mr. BELFIELD.

It's a very difficult name, but no matter, I will call him Captain, and that will anſwer the purpoſe as well.

Enter RICHARD.

RICHARD.

Sir, there is one captain Gol—Gollgager below ſtairs.

GEORGE.

Here he is, Sir.—Richard, I deſire you will take care to call that gentleman by his proper name—his name is Gollagher.

RICHARD.

Gol—Gol— Lord, Sir! I can't make out that name for the life of me.

GEORGE.

Get you down inſtantly, and ſhew him up ſtairs.

Mr. BELFIELD.

I am very glad he is come.

Enter RICHARD.

Sir, Captain Gal— [GEORGE *ſtops his mouth.*

Enter CAPTAIN.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Captain, I am very glad to ſee you, permit me to wiſh you joy on your ſafe arrival; and as an individual, ſharing in common with the million, the benefits of your valour, I muſt not only welcome you to my houſe, but thank you for your ſervices in the cauſe of your country.—

CAPTAIN.

Sir, I am ſo much overpaid for the little I have done, in the ſervice of my king and country, that I muſt be in their debt until I meet the the enemy again, and then poſſibly we may balance accounts.—Is this ſweet creature your daughter?

Mr. BELFIELD.

She is, Sir.

CAPTAIN.

Then I ſhall beg to taſte a kiſs of her ſweet lips.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Moſt willingly, Captain.—Melinda, this is your brother's Captain, the gentleman we are ſo much obliged to.— [*The* CAPTAIN *ſalutes Melinda.*

CAPTAIN.

If I thought, madam, you had no objection, I would follow the ſalute with another of the ſame ſort, [*Salutes her again.*

MELINDA.

If you pleaſe, Sir.—Brother, the Captain ſmells like a barrel of pitch.

CAPTAIN.

Surely, Mr. Belfield, there is not a man in the world, but would think himſelf amply rewarded for ſpending all his life at ſea, if he was certain that when he came aſhore, he was to paſs the remainder of his days with ſuch an angel as that.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Captain, your politeneſs will make the girl vain.

CAPTAIN.

My politeneſs! Faith, my dear jewel, the perſon that puts me to death for politeneſs will commit murder; politeneſs, Mr. Belfield, I have often compar'd to a fine laced embroidered ſuit of cloaths, by the help of which, a very great ſcoundrel may make his way into the beſt company in the kingdom; now, if I was there, my only ambition would be to appear a ſtark naked honeſt man.

MELINDA.

Ha, ha, ha! well, Captain, what a figure you would cut.

CAPTAIN.

Well, but Miſs, don't miſtake me, altho' I ſaid ſtark naked, I meant with my cloaths on.—What a cute creature it is! [*To George.*

GEORGE.

She's all life, a very carcaſs of combuſtibles.

CAPTAIN.

Take care that ſhe doesn't go off: the explo-ſion might injure the family.—

Mr. BELFIELD.

I muſt beg of you, Captain, to taſte my wine before ſupper, I think you will like it.—

CAPTAIN.

If you got a ſup of grog in the houſe, I would rather have it than all the wine in the Canaries.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Grog!

GEORGE.

Oh! I know what the Captain means, I will furniſh him.

MELINDA.

Pray, tell me, Captain Gallagher——

CAPTAIN.

That's not my name Miſs—my name is O Gollagher—the creature's turn'd fooliſh.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Child, I deſire you will either leave the room, or behave yourſelf properly.

MELINDA.

Lord, Sir, I was only joking with the Captain.

CAPTAIN.

Oh, Sir, let the young lady divert herſelf, there is a little defect in the throat, which prevents her tongue from pronouncing my name; I'm ſure it's not her fault, if ſhe can't ſpeak Engliſh. [*Aſide.*

Mr.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Melinda, give directions to lay a table with ſome wine and glaſſes, in the next room.

[*Exit* MELINDA.

Come, Captain, let me ſhew you the way.

[*Exit* BELFIELD.

CAPTAIN.

I will attend you, Sir, preſently—I believe, George, we ſhall have a better birth here, than we had on board the Lion.—

GEORGE.

I hope, Captain, you will find your birth comfortable, I know my ſiſter has given particular directions about it.

Enter LA FLURE.

LA FLURE.

My Maſter's compliments, and ſend me with this letter to your Honor.

GEORGE.

Oh, La Flure, how do you do?

LA FLURE.

Very well, I tank you, Sir.

CAPTAIN.

Tunder and ounes, what's this? well to be ſure ſuch a creature never walk'd upright before—where the devil did they catch this creature, George?

GEORGE.

That, Sir, is Monſieur La Flure my brother's Valet de Chambre.

CAP-

CAPTAIN.

Well, I have ſeen a million of Frenchmen, in my time, but this appears a greater *curioſity* than ever I ſaw before—Turn about here,—ha, ha, ha! George, was the creature born with that face?

LA FLURE.

Oh, vat a barbarian; I vil not go near him, he may lay his paw upon my head.

CAPTAIN.

It ſpeaks; what the devil does it ſay, George?

GEORGE.

Faith, I can't underſtand him;—my love to my brother; I am all impatience until I ſee him, tell him ſo.—

LA FLURE.

I vil, I vil, your honour ſerveteur Monſieur;—oh, the devil, vat a barbarian. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit.*

CAPTAIN.

Well, of all the creatures I ever ſaw, that's the greateſt example; if it was in Ireland, there's many a poor body would make their fortune by ſhewing it.

GEORGE.

He is a kind of curioſity; but come, my father expects us.

CAPTAIN.

Well, to be ſure. [*Exit* CAPTAIN *and* GEORGE.

SCENE *changes to* ISABELLA'S *lodgings*, ISABELLA *ſitting at a table with a Guitar.*

ISA-

ISABELLA.

How tedious are the hours that are ſpent in miſery. Break, break, heart, and free me from this load of wretchedneſs; of what reſpect is life, when thoſe we love deceive us? Ah! Belfield! Belfield! the very name ſtill brings tranſport to my ſoul; he will not, he cannot be a villain, his underſtanding will protect me, that faithful monitor will correct the heart, and in deſpite of faſhion teach him to be juſt. Oh, the very thought wings my ſoul, virtue appears with Hymen in her train, and the little loves ſhall ſmile on Iſabella!

SONG.

Fly hence, Deſpair! ſweet Hope, remain!
Oh! charm a wounded heart to reſt;
Give me my long-loſt peace again,
And calm the tumults in my breaſt.

See Peace returns, by Virtue led;
Hymen the ſacred knot ſhall bind;
I ſee him deck the honour'd bed;
The fancied Heaven fills my mind.

But he comes.

Enter VALENTINE.

VALENTINE.

Iſabella, I muſt requeſt your pardon for not waiting on you this morning, but I expected my father at the Temple.—How have you been?—Indeed, I long'd to ſee you.

ISABELLA.

Ah! Mr. Belfield, do not flatter me; and yet methinks the very words bring comfort.—

VALENTINE.

My brother is arrived, after a very glorious ſervice; the family have ſent for me.

ISABELLA.

May they long enjoy every earthly bleſſing.

[*Weeps.*

VALENTINE.

Thoſe tears, Iſabella, diſtreſs me; come, come, no more of this;—this may be artifice, but it is not like it. I will not appear affected by her behaviour. [*Aſide.*] Indeed, Iſabella, you are too grave, you know I love you.—

ISABELLA.

I once thought ſo; I own it with a bluſh.

VALENTINE.

Think ſo now; my paſſion will confirm it.

ISABELLA.

Sanctify that paſſion, I then ſhall call it love.

VALENTINE.

The old ſtory—make you my wife, I ſuppoſe; that word will certainly choke me ſome time or other. [*Aſide.*] I confeſs, my dear, I do not like that word Matrimony.

ISABELLA.

There was a time you ſpoke of it with rapture. There was a time, when marriage was your theme, and vows of love were hallow'd with a kiſs.

VALENTINE.

This ſhoe pinches ſo curſedly, there's no wearing it.

ISA-

ISABELLA.

He cannot ſurely be loſt to ſenſibility; this careleſs conduct is affected; I will change the ſubject.

SONG.

Sweetly! ſweetly! tune the lyre,
Breathe the ſofteſt notes of love.
Tender paſſions now inſpire,
Strains ſeraphic fill the grove.

Zephyrs waft the witching ſound
To my faithleſs Damon's ear,
Cupid, give the tender wound,
Let me bathe it with a tear.

Reſtor'd! oh! give me back his heart,
(Fancy creates the tender ſigh)
Minerva lock the ſacred part,
And give the key to little Hy.

Sweetly! ſweetly, &c.

Enter LA FLURE.

VALENTINE.

Well, La Flure, how does my brother?

LA FLURE.

Oh, very well, Sir; he ſay he ſhall be all impatience until he ſee you. Oh, they got the devil there at home, one bear from Greenland, I believe; I was afraid he would lay his paw upon my head.

VALENTINE.

Who is't you mean?

BIBL. CANT. ACAD.

LA FLURE.

De Captain, I do tink they call him.

VALENTINE.

Oh! it's my brother's Captain, who has received an invitation to ſpend a week at my father's, as he has paid great attention to George ſince he has been under his command.

LA FLURE.

I wou'd not truſt myſelf in vone houſe with de devil; Madomeſelle, he turn me about, and ſay I vas a monkey on two legs, the damn'd dog.

ISABELLA.

Indeed! that was not polite, Monſieur La Flure.

LA FLURE.

Vot an angel—I never ſee her face, but ſhe make my heart go flutter like de devil. [*Aſide.*

VALENTINE.

La Flure, get ſupper ready.—

LA FLURE.

I vill, Mounſieur! [*Exit* LA FLURE.

VALENTINE.

Come, Iſabella; indeed you muſt reſume your uſual vivacity.

DUET.

VALENTINE.

Come, my dear, indulge the hour;
Yonder amaranthine bower

The

The loves prepare—all invite—
Iſa. Guilty joys!—profane delight!
Val. Away with ſorrow, give me love.
Iſa. Ah! never 'till the gods approve.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *a Parlour in* Mr. BELFIELD'S *Houſe*, Mr. BELFIELD, MELINDA, GEORGE, *and the* CAPTAIN *at Breakfaſt.*

Mr. BELFIELD.

DO not interrupt the Captain in his narrative, I deſire you.—Pray, Sir, what time of the day was it when you firſt got ſight of the enemy?

CAPTAIN.

No time of the day, for it was about four in the morning; about that time I could ſee them plain enough, as I ſtood on the ſtarboard quarter.

MELINDA.

Pray now, Captain, tell us, what is ſtarboard?

Mr. BELFIELD.

This girl will never be at reſt.

CAPTAIN.

Oh let the young lady alone, Sir; by my own ſoul, the queſtion is *propo* enough; why ſhould a man talk in a language that nobody underſtands but himſelf: why, my little gramachree, ſtarboard is that part of the ſhip which is exactly oppoſite to the larboard.

MELINDA.

Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. BELFIELD.

Oh, I underſtand you, Sir; pray go on.

CAPTAIN.

Our ſhip being a-head, I hoiſted a ſignal for ſeeing the enemy; oh, my dear jewel, there wasn't a rag of canvas thro' the whole fleet but what was out in ten minutes. The enemy began to form the line about eight o'clock, and lay-to ready to receive us; we bore down upon them ſo ſweetly, oh, it would do your heart good to ſee the breeze we had; about fifty-ſeven minutes before ten, I came within random ſhot of the ſhip I was to engage.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Pray, Captain, of what force was the ſhip you engaged?

CAPTAIN.

By my ſoul, ſhe was a Ninety, and lay ſo ſnug in the water, that at a mile diſtance you wou'dn't take her to be bigger than a drake in a mill-pond.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Dreadful odds, Captain; the Lion mounts but Seventy-four, I believe.

CAPTAIN.

No more; but it's all the ſame to Cornelius. So, my jewel, what will you have of it, but they began to pop, in their fooliſh way, when we weren't within two miles aſunder. I never fire a gun, until I am near enough to chuck a potatoe on board the enemy; however, a random ſhot took

took poor Dennis Flaherty in the ſtomach as he ſtood by me.—Don't you remember poor Dennis?

GEORGE.

Oh, very well; and a good fellow he was.

CAPTAIN.

The devil a better creature ever wore trowſers; myſelf cou'dn't help crying when I ſaw poor Dennis under me; ſays I, Dennis, are you dead? And he ſaid, Not yet, Captain; if you have got any thing to leave, let me know it, and if I don't die to-day, I will do as you bid me to-morrow. Why then, Captain, ſaid he, all I have in the world I leave to my mother, and my cheſt of clothes to my aunt Bridget. So after the engagement was over, I had him decently interr'd in the ſea, as he was the ſon of a gentleman.

Mr. BELFIELD.

The Captain ſeems to grow melancholy George; do you rouſe him.

GEORGE.

I will, Sir.—But, Captain, don't your remember, how in your rage for the loſs of poor Dennis, you clapt a match to an eighteen pounder, and the execution it did on board the enemy.

CAPTAIN.

You mean, when the ſhot cut away the main geers.

GEORGE.

Ay, you muſt certainly recollect it.

CAPTAIN.

Oh, to be ſure I don't.—The yard came down, my jewel, with thirty men upon it—about eleven o'clock

o'clock there were thirty ſail of the line engaged, ſhip to ſhip; oh how the elements did rattle; *Tunder*, ſmoak, fire, and ſulphur.—George, how was it?

GEORGE.

SONG.

Stand to your guns, my hearts of oak,
Let not a word on board be ſpoke,
Victory ſoon will end the joke;
  Be ſilent and be ready.
Ram home the guns, and ſpunge them well,
Let us be ſure the balls will tell,
The cannons roar ſhall ſound their knell,
  Be ſteady, boys, be ſteady——
    Not yet, not yet, not yet,
      Reſerve your fire,
      I ſtill deſire,
    Not yet, not yet, not yet——
      FIRE!
Now the elements do rattle,
The gods amaz'd behold the battle.
  A BROADSIDE, MY BOYS!
See the blood in purple tide,
Trickle down her batter'd ſide;
Wing'd with fate the bullets fly,
Conquer, boys, or bravely die.
  Hurl deſtruction on your foes:
She ſinks, ſhe ſinks, ſhe ſinks, huzza!
  To the bottom down ſhe goes.——

[*The Captain, during this ſong, is agitated very much; at the concluſion he runs up to* GEORGE *and embraces him.*

CAPTAIN.

There's a *crature* for you! he's not one of the macſqualies.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Captain, we conceive all the horrors of the battle, but tell us how George behaved—

CAPTAIN.

Why you muſt know I was always fond of cloſe quarters, ſo I gave directions to grapple the enemy; I then put him at the head of thirty as pretty Dublin lads as ever croſs'd the water, each of them furniſh'd with a cutlaſs, and two brace of piſtols. I was obliged to tell them he was born in Dublin, as I knew they would not like to be headed by a foreigner. Well, to be ſure they din't make their way. The firſt thing that creature did, was to cut the jaws of a Frenchman clean off.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Mercy upon me!

CAPTAIN.

Oh the devil a tooth he left him below ſtairs.

Enter VALENTINE, CHARLES, *and* LA FLURE.

VALENTINE.

My dear George, I am heartily glad to ſee you; I did not hear of your arrival until yeſterday evening; ſome very particular buſineſs prevented me, or I ſhould have call'd upon you immediately. Well, I find you have brought home Honour with whole bones.

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Safe and ſound, brother, although faith I have had my chance for a wooden leg; I am happy, Valentine, to introduce you to the acquaintance of captain O Gollagher, he has been to me a ſecond father.

VALENTINE.

Sir, I am ſo well acquainted with your character, and ſo truly ſenſible of the honour your acquaintance muſt confer on any man, that I ſhall cultivate your friendſhip with the warmeſt aſſiduity.

CAPTAIN.

I am glad he did not wait for an anſwer, as I muſt have ſaid ſomething that meant nothing.

GEORGE.

I was in hopes, Charles, on my arrival, to have found you in the arms of a good wife.—Captain, this is a friend worthy your acquaintance.—Charles, this gentleman is my commander, Captain O Gollagher.

CHARLES.

I conſider this introduction, Sir, as the greateſt honour ever yet conferred upon me.

CAPTAIN.

Sir, I am your very moſt obedient, and very moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant. There's as much truth in that as in the other, ſo we are quits.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Well, Valentine, you ſee we have George ſafe again.—Mr. Marlove, I am much oblig'd to you for this favour. Captain, there are two youngſters that

that will talk law with you to the end of the chapter.

CAPTAIN.

By my own ſoul they will not, for I never had the leaſt notion of either law or equity in all my life, nor never deſire it; but if they have a mind for a touch at navigation, why I think they will meet with their match in Cornelius.

Mr. BELFIELD.

I have a few pictures above ſtairs, Sir, I think will pleaſe you.—Valentine, do you ſhew the Captain the drawing-room.

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE, CHARLES, *and* CAPTAIN.

Manet Mr. BELFIELD.

I have related to this honeſt man the whole of my ſon's behaviour reſpecting Iſabella; he was acquainted with her ſtory before; George, I find, communicated the contents of my letters to him, and this worthy tar is ſenſibly affected with her diſtreſſes; it is poſſible, that in caſe a converſation on the ſubject could be introduced when they are together, he might prevail on him to do juſtice to one whoſe only fault appears to be her confidence in a libertine. The Captain is certainly an indifferent orator, and yet his expreſſions come ſo truly from the heart, that he makes his auditors feel, altho' they ſmile at him.

Enter CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN.

Mr. Belfield, the young gentleman and I are going to take a walk before dinner, we ſhall ſee the pictures another time; and as ſtrange as it may

appear to you, Mr. Belfield, I intend to get his conſent to marry Iſabella, before I return.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Dear Sir, your eagerneſs to do a good action will prevent the completion of it. You are too early an acquaintance of his, to warrant ſuch a converſation.

CAPTAIN.

Not at all, Mr. Belfield; if I paſs a moment with a man who has diſgrac'd the character he ought to value more than life, I muſt inſtantly tell him I know it, that in caſe he either wiſhes or expects my friendſhip, he may reſtore his fame by an immediate amendment; ſome people may call that impudence, but, faith, I call it plain and honeſt dealing.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Well, Sir, manage this matter as you pleaſe, and may your generous endeavours meet with ſucceſs.

CAPTAIN.

Keep up a good heart, Iſabella Meanwell is the name; is ſhe one of Meanwells of the county of Leitrim; but no matter where ſhe came from, ſhe's an honeſt woman, and in diſtreſs, that's enough for Cornelius.

[*Exeunt* Mr. BELFIELD *and the* CAPTAIN, *talking.*

Enter MELINDA *and* CHARLES *(running).*

CHARLES.

You have ſuch a pair of wings, my little angel, there's no catching you.

MELINDA.

You have put me ſo out of breath, Mr. Marlove, that I ſhall not recover myſelf this hour—Oh, how my heart beats!

CHARLES.

Let me feel it—Ah, Melinda, that heart of yours is quite alive.

MELINDA.

It's very troubleſome at preſent—I do not know what to do with it.

CHARLES.

I will tell you.

MELINDA.

Do then.

CHARLES.

Give it me.

MELINDA.

And what am I to do for one?

CHARLES.

You ſhall have mine.

MELINDA.

Ah, but ſhew me yours firſt.

CHARLES.

I will deſcribe it to you, will not that do as well?

MELINDA.

No, I would rather ſee it; I don't believe you have got one.

CHARLES.

I own it's gone, for ever gone.

MELINDA.

Lord, Lord, how I am glad of that; and, pray Charles, who has got the little creature?

CHARLES.

That lady. [*Shews her his pocket-glaſs.*

MELINDA.

That lady! why, that's me; well to be ſure, how pretty that is.—

DIALOGUE SONG.

CHARLES.

My heart is gone, it's gone aſtray,
Yonder it wings its airy way;
Back to your mans'on come and reſt,
It falls Melinda on your breaſt.
I will have it—

Mel. ———————Do not intrude
I vow I'll hate you if you're rude.
Do not put me in a fury,

Cha. A dozen Cupids on the jury
Shall find you guilty, then, for life
You're bound to paſs your days a wife,

Mel. What care I for you, or Cupid,
You are either mad or ſtupid.

Cha. I'll raviſh an ambros'l kiſs, [*Kiſſes her.*
Sure on earth there's no ſuch bliſs.

Mel. I cannot bear it, take you this. [*Pats him.*

CHARLES.

Let us take a walk, Melinda, before dinner, and I will endeavour to prevail on you to return it.

MELINDA.

With all my heart—and the family will imagine we have eloped, ha, ha, ha!

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

So they will, my little charming fugitive.—But ſtop, Melinda; egad, we may poſſibly frighten the family in good earneſt.

MELINDA.

O then you won't elope? you are a pretty fellow, indeed.

SONG.

Your ſervant, good Sir! I now ſee your paſſion
Was all a pretence; but that's quite the faſhion;
'Tis the *ton* for a lover to wooe with his eyes,
To talk of darts, daggers—of a trip to the ſkies.

The creature will weep, will prate of ſenſations,
And ſwear by the gods, their friends and relations—
Such nonſenſe in future you are ſure to prevent,
If at once you join iſſue, and give your conſent.

So then you will not join iſſue, Mr. Lawyer, you won't elope, ha, ha, ha!

CHARLES.

O yes, I'd fly with thee to the Antipodes.

[*Exeunt running.*

Enter LA FLURE.

Vat the devil! I heard the word elope, O ho! begar I don't like elope; I vil ſee where theſe pair of pidgeons are flown to. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a Tavern.*

Enter CAPTAIN, VALENTINE *and* WAITER.

CAPTAIN.

What ſhall we have? will you take a ſup of grog this morning?

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

No, Captain, I am much obliged to you.

CAPTAIN.

Why then, bring us a bottle of the beſt in the houſe.

WAITER.

Claret, Sir.—

CAPTAIN.

Ay, any thing—[*Exit* WAITER.] We muſt have ſomething, you know, or they'll take us to be ſpoilpeens, perhaps.

Enter WAITER *with Bottle, Wine and Glaſſes.*

You may now walk or run off, which you pleaſe, Mr. Waiter. [*Exit* WAITER.] Here's to the honeſt couple, your father and mother, Mr. Belfield.

VALENTINE.

Sir, I thank you.

CAPTAIN.

And now, Mr. Belfield, I muſt openly declare, I brought you here on purpoſe to have a little private converſation with you; and faith, I have ſo many apologies to make you upon this occaſion, that, I believe, I had better make no apology at all.

VALENTINE.

Sir, I muſt requeſt you will not uſe ceremony with me; I wiſh to conſider myſelf in the character of an old acquaintance—What the devil can this Teague mean? [*Aſide.*

CAPTAIN.

Why then, Sir, you have ſav'd me a great deal of trouble, and for which I am very much oblig'd

to

to you;—I think you told me a while ago, Mr. Belfield, that you would introduce me to the lady, whoſe picture you wear on your little finger there.

VALENTINE.

I did, Sir; and what then?

CAPTAIN.

Why then, Sir, I ſhall be very much oblig'd to you.

VALENTINE.

Pray, Sir, why do you expreſs ſo ſerious a wiſh to ſee that lady?

CAPTAIN.

Becauſe, I think, I know her, and all her family; and, I believe, the firſt letter of her name is Iſabella.

VALENTINE.

How came you, Sir, to know that lady's name!

CAPTAIN.

No matter for that, you ſee I do know it, and that's enough; and I am ſorry to know, Mr. Belfield, you have engaged that lady's affections.

VALENTINE.

Well, Sir!

CAPTAIN.

No, Sir, it is not well, it's very ill, you are attempting to deſtroy the peace of the ſweeteſt creature that was ever dandled on a mother's knee; now, Sir, if that's well, I ſhould be glad you'd explain it.

VALENTINE.

Upon my word, Sir, altho' I highly regard you, as my father's friend, I cannot but conſider this fami-

familiarity as it deſerves, you are at preſent to me a ſtranger.

CAPTAIN.

Why, you told me juſt now we were old acquaintance, how do you make both out? that's a kind of a ſtrait ſquint at a blunder; but, I find, Mr. Belfield, the fine gentlemen of the age will commit crimes, but they cannot bear to be told of them: you promis'd to marry ſweet Iſabella; ſhe, poor creature, thought you ſpoke truth, and ſhe has given you an honeſt earneſt of her affection. Now, Sir, you are bound to perform your promiſe, or the Devil will as ſurely have you as your name 's Valentine.

VALENTINE.

I'll humour this Hibernian Solon, it will ſerve to amuſe time. [*Aſide.*

SONG.

The vows that are made by a ſwain to his love,
On earth are neglected, are laugh'd at above;
Jove hears the whole ſtory, and ſmiles at the joke,
He knows lovers' vows are all made to be broke;
That mortals love freedom as well as himſelf,
So Daphne's complaint is conſign'd to the ſhelf.

But, Captain, don't you know that Jove laughs at lovers vows?

CAPTAIN.

I know nothing of Mr. Jove, nor any of his family, nor ever deſire it; and if he laughs at the ruin of innocence, he's a dirty fellow, and you may tell him I ſay ſo.

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

Really, Sir, I ſhall not tell him any ſuch thing; but, Captain, I do not think a man's honour——

CAPTAIN.

Don't mention the word, I bid you.—I ſuppoſe 'tis honourable to rob a woman of her virtue—But it's diſhonourable to return it.—We firſt tempt them to do what we deſpiſe them for when it is done.—By my ſoul, Sir, the poor women in general are ſeverely treated. [*A noiſe without.*

VALENTINE.

What noiſe is that?

Enter WAITER.

WAITER.

Sir, here's a ſtrange kind of a Frenchman below ſtairs, who ſays he muſt ſee Mr. Belfield.

CAPTAIN.

Oh! it's that ſtick of pomatum that follows you like a ghoſt, never mind him.

Enter LA FLURE.

LA FLURE.

O de Devil, de Devil! O ve are all undone!

VALENTINE.

What's the matter with the fellow?

LA FLURE.

O, Sir! I have been looking for you dis hour. Madamoiſelle Melinda elop'd with Monſieur Marlove. O de Devil!

VALENTINE.

Elop'd, does the fellow ſay, elop'd!

LA FLURE.

Elope, elope, elope!

VALENTINE.

Death and damnation! Captain—Waiter, get me a chaiſe this moment.—Which way are they gone?—Run to my father's, La Flure, and let him know I ſhall be at home inſtantly.

[*Exit* LA FLURE.

CAPTAIN.

Oh, then the boom's burſt at laſt!

VALENTINE.

My dear Sir!—Captain, let us fly.

CAPTAIN.

By my own ſoul I will not, nor ſhall you——

VALENTINE.

'Sblood, Sir, this is no time for trifling!

CAPTAIN.

Faith it is not, Sir. I will make you therefore do juſtice to an injur'd lady before you leave this room.

VALENTINE.

Make me, Sir; what is it you mean?

CAPTAIN.

I will make your honour make you, and that's the ſame thing, you know.—What, you are going to kill a man for doing the very ſame thing you did yourſelf not a month ago; marry poor Iſabella firſt, and then you can reproach him with a good grace; at preſent I think it would be a great deal of impudence in you to mention a word about the matter.

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

By Heavens! that obſervation chills my ſoul. [*Aſide.*

CAPTAIN.

Oh, he feels that, I'll follow the blow. [*Aſide.* What muſt the relations of poor Iſabella feel when they hear of her ſituation; you can tell me now, and I ſhall be much oblig'd to you.

VALENTINE. [*Drops a ſword.*

Oh, Sir! you have planted a dagger in my boſom.

CAPTAIN.

Iſabella will take it out without hurting you. Go to her this moment, or the wound may prove mortal to you.—I knew the creature had a good heart, altho' he did not know it himſelf. [*Aſide.*

VALENTINE.

This inſtant let me fly.—Sir, be ſo kind as to return to my father, and aſſure him, that by Twelve to-morrow, Iſabella ſhall be my wife.

CAPTAIN.

Come to my arms, and let me embrace you; I ſhall not be aſhamed to call you friend from this moment. And now, Mr. Belfield, go to that ſweet creature and bring her to your father's houſe; I am ſure the whole family will be glad to ſee her. In the mean time do you give me a letter to the old gentleman, it will give him pleaſure to hear your reſolution under your own hand.

VALENTINE.

Moſt willingly, Sir.—Let us retire into the next room, and you ſhall have it.

CAPTAIN.

I will attend you with all my heart afterwards. You have my conſent to murder that little bit of a lawyer, that has made ſo free with your family, as ſoon as you pleaſe; but I recommend it to you to leave him to Cornelius O Gollagher.

VALENTINE.

I ſhall be advis'd by you, Sir, thro' the whole affair; a villain, to break thro' the moſt ſacred ties of friendſhip!

CAPTAIN.

O, I'll liſten to you for a twelve-month!

SONG. *tune Paddy Whack*

And now, Sir, I'll tell you, you've done what you ought,
A bleſſing will ſurely 'light down on your head,
You've made a heart eaſy,
Inſtead of being crazy,
The thought won't diſpleaſe you not after you're dead.

To have but one glimpſe of the ſweet little jewel,
I'd walk all the way from the north to the ſouth,
When ſhe hears of her fate,
How her breaſt will elate,
The poor creature's heart will jump out of her mouth.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Mr. BELFIELD'S *Houſe.*

Enter LA FLURE *and* PATTY.

LA FLURE.

I do tell you, my little angel, dat I love you more and above all the world.

PATTY.

PATTY.

You're a falſe man, Mr. La Flure—you began to ogle with Mrs. Dripping, the cook, the moment you enter'd the kitchen juſt now; I wonder how you could fancy ſuch a fat boſs of a creature.

LA FLURE.

Sacre Dieu—I fancy her! I would as ſoon fancy my grandmother. Oh de very thought *kicks* in my ſtomach.—I thought my figure and politice vou'd ſoon do her buſineſs [*aſide.*]. Vel, I do ſay, my ſweet Patty, dat I would do any ting and every ting to oblige you; bid me kill myſelf, and you ſhall ſee dis moment.

PATTY.

Ah! Mr. La Flure, you have ſuch winning ways!

SONG.

Get you gone, you killing devil;
  Why thus tempt me, cruel youth?
Do not touch me—pray be civil;
  You look wicked—that's the truth.

And yet with rapture ſtill I view thee;
  I am ruin'd more than half;
That ſmile and air will ſure undo me:
  There's a leg—and there's a—calf.

I do believe you was form'd for the ruin of our ſex.

LA FLURE.

For de happineſs you mean, my ſweet creature! —but tell me, my angel, ſhall we——

PATTY.

PATTY.

Well, Mr. La Flure, as there is no ſtanding before you, I ſurrender this moment.—When ſhall we be married?

LA FLURE.

Married! by gar I haven't tought about dat yet [*Aſide*]. Why now, Mamſel Patty, where can be de uſe to marry—I love to be free, I am quite an Engliſhman for dat.

Enter CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN.

Well, I do not remember ever to have ſeen a better couple than this ſame Mr. Belfield and his wife. I am ſure if their actions in life do not ſecure them a good birth after they die, the half of us may expect to be thruſt into the hold.—The little ſup I have taken this morning, has made me whimſical.——Oh tunder and fury! there's that creature again, he's courting, or I'm not alive; well, to be ſure this is too much upon the brough, ha, ha! I have often heard it remark'd that monkies are very amorous; I am ſure, from this moment, I ſhall never doubt the truth of the obſervation.—Hark you—what ſhall I call the creature, ha, ha!—What impudence is this you've been about here?

LA FLURE.

Oh the devil, there is that barbarian.

PATTY.

No impudence, your honor.

CAPTAIN.

I'll tell you what, Mr. Monſieur, if you marry in this iſland, I will apply for leave to ſmother

the iſſue. I am ſure, if our forefathers were living, they would deny the relationſhip. They were men and Britons, and deſerv'd the fair; but as to you, ha, ha, ha! well, to be ſure myſelf can't be angry with the creature.

LA FLURE.

I ſhall be enraged in a few minutes. [*To* PATTY.

CAPTAIN.

What are you collogueing about, you creature, [*Takes* LA FLURE *by the arm, and throws him from* PATTY.] Let a man ſpeak to her.——

CAPTAIN.

SONG. *Lango lee*

Think for a moment, my ſweet little creature,
Before you conſent to take him to your bed;
Look at his ~~face~~ *tail*, take a view of his features;
Suppoſe that Cornelius you place in his ſtead:
I think the change will not diſpleaſe you,
Such a creature as that can do nothing but teaze you,
A bag of ſuch bones can ſure never pleaſe you;
But here's fleſh and blood for my Gramachree.

PATTY.

Indeed you are a very ſtrange gentleman; I do like Mr. La Flure, and I will marry him if all the world ſtood at the door.

CAPTAIN.

By my own ſoul I think a quarter of the world would be very badly employed on ſuch a buſineſs. —Take him then, and I am ſure if you have nothing elſe you'll have wig enough.——

[*Exeunt* LA FLURE *and* PATTY.

Enter

Enter Mr. BELFIELD, GEORGE, CHARLES, *and* MELINDA.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Captain, you are welcome; tell me, dear Sir, will Valentine ſet our hearts at reſt?

CAPTAIN.

Sir, I have the pleaſure to inform you, that Iſabella is now your ſon's wife, altho' they will not be married until to-morrow. Mr. Belfield, do you read that. [*Gives him a letter.*] Ah, my little Gramachree! I thought you had ſet ſail without firing a gun.—What's the meaning of all this?

Mr. BELFIELD.

We were alarmed Sir, without a cauſe; Mr. Marlove and Melinda were only taking a walk in Hyde-Park.

CHARLES.

There has, indeed, Sir, been a ſtrange miſtake.

CAPTAIN.

No, the devil a miſtake there was in the matter at all. If you never make a worſe trip than that, you will be a great ornament to the profeſſion of the law.—You have done a great good by accident; I am afraid if you were to do it on purpoſe, you'd have blunder'd it.

Mr. BELFIELD.

You are our beſt friend—what ſhall I ſay, Sir?

CAPTAIN.

Say nothing at all about the matter, and then you'll ſay all I wiſh you; prepare yourſelves to receive the ſweet creature, for ſhe will be here preſently.

Mr.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Dear Captain, you did right to ſend for her; the wiſh next my heart is to receive her as a daughter.

Enter RICHARD.

Sir, Maſter Valentine is below, and begs you will permit him to pay his duty to you.

CAPTAIN.

Is there a lady with him?

RICHARD.

There is, Sir.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Deſire them both to come inſtantly up ſtairs.

[*Exit* RICHARD.

CAPTAIN.

I wiſh the matter was over—myſelf's in a ſtrange fluſtration—I can't help it.

[*Enter* VALENTINE *leading* ISABELLA, *when ſhe ſees the* CAPTAIN *ſhe faints, the family all run to aſſiſt her, and the* CAPTAIN *ſtands motionleſs.*

CAPTAIN.

Well, whether I am awake or aſleep, or dreaming that I am awake, I can't tell.

Mr. BELFIELD.

What can all this mean?

GEORGE.

The Lady, Sir, recovers.

ISABELLA.

Oh! let me hide my guilty head (*Throws herſelf into his arms*); here let me periſh, and ſhun the vengeance of an injur'd father.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Father! I am your father; do not avoid me, Iſabella, we meet to paſs our future days in love.

CAPTAIN.

I have ſeen a thouſand men blown into the elements without a tear, but this is rather too much. (*Weeps.*) I will ſpeak if I can.—Mr. Belfield, I cannot tell whether you mean this as *hocus pocus* work or not, but a daughter of mine muſt not be treated thus.

Mr. BELFIELD.

A daughter of yours, Sir! Mercy, Heavens! what is it I hear, is that Lady your daughter?

CAPTAIN.

Are you ſure, you don't know ſhe is?

Mr. BELFIELD.

Not I, Sir; by the ſacred honour of a gentleman.

CAPTAIN.

Then, Sir, there's no harm done; ſhe is, Sir, my daughter.

GEORGE.

I am petrified with aſtoniſhment; this muſt be the young lady, Sir, I mention'd to you yeſterday.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Pray, Sir, how long is it ſince you ſaw your daughter?

CAPTAIN.

Not ſix months ago; a few days before I went to ſea.—I wiſh you'd bring her over to me, for I believe I am bound to the ſpot I ſtand upon.

[*They lead* ISABELLA *to her Father*; *ſhe kneels.*

 ISA-

ISABELLA.

Oh, Sir! behold your unhappy but not guilty daughter; can a future life atone for what is paſt? can imprudence like mine, find pardon in your goodneſs? ſay, you will forgive your unhappy child. Oh, pour the balm of comfort to my ſoul, and eaſe a heart that's loaded with affliction.

ALL.

We all beſeech it, Sir.

CAPTAIN.

Riſe, my child, and come to your father's arms, which are open to receive you. [*Embraces her.*] I don't like this tragedy work—It don't ſuit me at all.

MELINDA.

Well, if I woudn't do the ſame thing to-morrow, to be forgiven in the ſame way.

CHARLES.

Zounds! hold your tongue, Melinda.

Mr. BELFIELD.

Pray, my dear, what was your reaſon for taking the name of Iſabella Meanwell?

ISABELLA.

The reaſon, Sir, that induced me to aſſume that name, you ſhall know at a more favourable opportunity, at preſent my heart is too full.

CAPTAIN.

Her name is Caroline O Gollagher, and begging your pardon, Madam, I haven't heard a better name ſince I was the height of a potatoe. [*They kneel, and the parents bleſs them.*] May the laſt be the worſt day you ever ſee, my dear creatures.

Mr.

Mr. BELFIELD.

And now, Valentine, ſince you have got a moſt eſtimable wife, purſue your ſtudies, and make a figure in the law; your abilities will give you fortune, and, if properly apply'd, make you a father to the diſtreſs'd—a bleſſing to your country.

CAPTAIN.

But don't of a day be ſelling out two or three pounds worth of lies, or brow-bate honeſt people out of their property; no, damn it, don't do that, don't do that.—Do the creature juſtice, and after I am dead, I'll not forget you.—Ah, my little Commodore! give me your hand, I wiſh I had another daughter for you; by my own ſoul you ſhould have her, whether you would or not; but I'll try whether I can't leave one upon the ſtocks for you, before we go to ſea again.

GEORGE.

Do Captain, and I will endeavour to deſerve the command.

FINALE.

Val. Yield no more to faſhion's ſway—
Iſa. No more her tyrant laws obey—
Duet. { Virtue and ſenſe alone can give
{ The happineſs for which we live.

CHORUS.

Virtue and ſenſe alone can give
The happineſs for which we live.

THE END.

BIBL. CANT. ACAD.

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